MONDAY EVENING, MAY 20.

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LOCATION OF Mutual District Messenger Co.'s Offices. 11 University 307 5th ave., place, M12 6th ave., 843 Benadray, ORS 6th ave., 154 Broadway, 763 Madison av. 200 Broadway, 187 Madison av. 843 Broadway, 954 Broadway, 1200 Broadway,

A SUGGESTION TO OUR READERS. In view of the good work accomplished, though necessarily in a restricted field, by "The Evening World" physician last Summer, what do you think of the idea of getting up a full corps of " Evening World" physicians to give free treatment to the sick bables of the tenements during the

OVERHAUL THE SYSTEM. If it be true, as is claimed by the officers of

coming torrid season?

Mr. Gerry's Society in connection with the GRAHAM case, that no warrant is needed to authorize them to invade a private house at any time and tear a child from the arms of its parent, then perhaps it is well that the passage of the Children's Bill was delayed until it can be amended to remedy this phase of outrage also.

The very suggestion that no home is safe against the intrusion of officers who act merely upon suspicion or hearsay in the grave matter of the custody of children, is calculated to arouse public indignation to the highest pitch. A liberty-loving people will not tolerate such bureaucratic tyranny. And if Mr. GERRY's Society, after formally

abandoning its claim to the custody of a child, may, as in the GRAHAM incident, interfere in a purely family matter and take sides in a domestic controversy in which it has no legitimate interest, then it is a nuisance and a common meddler with other people's affairs.

To remedy the evils inherent in the management of such societies, which are a serious blot upon their good wors, it is apparent in Congress. This house is the only private that the Children's Bill was not drastic. It was too conservative.

The whole system of the treatment parents and children by organized societies needs a thorough overhauling. A curb should be put upon their autocratic power in all its phases.

## ANOTHER WALL FALLS.

The grim work goes on. By the falling of another section of the wall of the old building on the corner of Broad and Wall streets TIMOTHY SULLIVAN, a workman, was killed on Saturday. This is the second life lost in the tearing down of this old structure. And yet the public is told that there is no authority vested in the Building Department of the city to supervise such work. Is this sacrifice of life by utter heedless.

ness to continue without check? Somebody is at fault. The blood of SULLIVAN is upon some one's hands. Who is the guilty party? There should be a searching inquiry into this matter. Public safety and common

humanity demand it. Human life is getting to be altogether too cheap in the eyes of contractors and public servants in this town.

## QUEER MR. CARNEGIE.

Simultaneously with the announcement of a reduction in the wages of his employees Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, who fattens his purse through the instrumentality of a tariff for the alleged protection of labor, generously offers to provide a home for the Nineteenth Century Club.

Now, the Nineteenth Century Club is very interesting institution, but would it not be infinitely more to the credit of this multi-millionaire to exhibit his generosity preferably to his employees?

#### OFFICE-SEEKING ROMANCE.

The game of office-seeking is a desperate one. In the hands of some the cards are deftly "stocked," and very queer "deals" are often made.

The very latest trick is to play hearts for trumps. Twice recently importunate officeseekers have, with blushes and bated breath, staked their chances upon the claim that their marriage depended upon their picking the desired official plum. Confronted with such love-saturated pleadings the appointing power is reported to have been deeply touched.

This mode of gaining preferment is very pretty as a novelty, but it might grow very tedious. Instead of the time-honored petition and official "pull," the departmental TREVEING CORDIAL Price 20 cents.

files would be filled with tender missives set-

ting forth the distress of necessitous lovers. This sort of thing will not find favor with 'business politicians." It will dislocate political machinery. If hearts are to be trumps, what is the use of a lot of clubs?

#### VACATIONS OF THE FINEST.

Police vacations are being arranged, Capts. Carpenter, Murphy and Cassidy having received twenty days' leave-one half of them on full

Supt. Murray has leased a cottage on th North Shrewsbury River, and will spend the full month of August there, his family putting in the Summer months.

Inspector Byrnes will spend the warm spell on the Shrewibury, ten miles from the Superin tendent's place, and will make frequent visits to Long Branch, Inspector Steers will take in the Katskills and

enjoy the mountain air. Inspector Williams will spend sixty days on his yacht Eleanor, and may take his family to Europe on a cruise.

Inspector Conlin proposes to put in his vaca-tion at East Moriches, L. I., the lucky point from which he was summoned two years ago to become an Inspector.

Dr. Cyrus Edson will try his new yacht Mist and will take a long cruise up the Sound, touching at the various towns en route. Police Commissioner McClave will remove his

family in July to his handsome cottage on Shel-ter Island, and will surrender all his spare time to the pleasures of ocean life. Commissioner Voorhis has no fixed plans for

the future, but will visit Saratoga and Lake George for a short breathing spell. Dr. John T. Nagle will spend the Summer solstice in his cottage by the sea a few miles

from Asbury Park and utilize his skill as an amateur photographer. Chief Clerk George Hoperoft has a penchant for Long Branch, and the West End Hotel is his special admiration. George is sadly in need of

recreation.

#### WORLDLINGS.

There are more than eighty national ceme teries in America containing in all 315,555 graves. Of these 133,146 are the graves of unknown soldiers.

Public Printer Palmer is a stout, well-built man, with a fine, frank face, clear eyes and a pleasant smile that makes his manner most enjoying. He is noted for his firn ness and is not a man to submit to bulldozing.

Mary Anderson will spend the Summer at Brighton, the famous English watering place. In the Autumn she expects to visit the High lands of Scotland.

Capt. Frank M. Duffy, the composer of the "Mocking Bird," is living at Guthrie, Ky., where he is a well-known newspaper man. He is an ex-Confederate soldier.

# THE CENTENNIAL CLIMAX.

The Evening World's" Red, White and Blue Edition Noted by the London "Standard."

[Special Cablegram in the London Standard, May 1.1 NEW YORK, TUESDAY NIGHT, April 30,-New York to-day contains the entire population of the United States which can be mobilized. Connecticut, for example, has sent 125,000 men. No corner of the nation is so remote as to be without representation. The Governors of thirty-five States are here, for the most par with brilliant staffs.

No accurate census of the number of visitors s possible, but probably two millions of people vitnessed the parade of sixty thousand troops. The spectators displayed a liveliness singularly unlike the ordinary demeanor of Americans, The extent to which the delirium of patriotic joy extends may be inferred from the fact that the eventng Journal which has the largest circuls tion is published to-day in red, white and blue,

## Ben Butler's Washington Home

[Washington Letter to Chicago Trehune,] Ben Butler's home on Capitol Hill is near the big mansion he built and occupied while residence in Washington which has ever been occupied by a President. Senator Jones of Nevada, was its tennat in 1881, and when Vice-President Chester A. Arthur took the oath of office as President it was in this house to which he had been invited by Senator Jones, He remained in it for some weeks after President Garfield's death. Gen. Butter always comes down during the cold snaps, and no matter what kind of weather he strikes in Washington he wears the heavy fur-lined coat and cap that he put on when in Boston. Every one recognizes him by the peculiar drooping of the lid of his right eye, and only one man in the United States is ever mistaken for him, and that is Senator Davis, of Minnesota. Unless his daughter, Mrs. Ames, or his niece is with him he never attends any of the winter receptions, and the only place he is seen is in court or on the street. He rarely lets a session pass without showing a bit of famous Butter temper. Lately when the counsel for the opposite side in a certain case gave the great Benjamin the dignified title of bulldogh eat once turned upon him and called him a snarling cur. Ben Butler has had one case on his hands for ten years that he will probably not be able to have settled in his favor until half a dozen illustrious men die or lose their influence. He wants to sell the big stone house on Capitol Hill to the Government, but just about as he gets things in shape for his price some one steps in and prevents the sale. Once it was Senator Ed. residence in Washington which has ever been occupied by a President. Senator Jones of ment, but just about as ne ges in and pre-shape for his price some one steps in and pre-shape for his price some one steps in and prevents the sale. Once it was Senator Ed munds and another time ex-Speaker Randall.

## DIVIDING THE GATE RECEIPTS.

The Girl Bicyclists to Receive Their Pro Rata Share To-Day.

The eight young women who participated in the six-day bicycle race observed the day of rest to a letter at the Ashland House, even the invitation of a score of perfumed dudelets to accompany them in a park ride being declined with languid indifference.

This afternoon they will meet stakeholder Charles Weudelkin and Manager Billy O'Brien

Charles Weudelkin and Manager Billy O'Brien at the Madison Square Hotel and receive their several shares of \$2,100, their half of the door receipts of last week at the Garden.

Jessie Oakes, the dark-haired Lancashire lass who won the race and the championship of the world by 66% miles, will receive \$800 as her share, and Kitty Brown, her Yankee competitor, who finished only two turns of the eighth-mile track behind her, will get \$420; Miss Baldwin, who won the five-pound box of boubons in the voting contest, will get \$315, and Missaes Lewis, Armaindo. Stanley, Woods and McShane will divide the balance pro rata, Miss McShane getting the smallest share, \$42.

Wednesday, Manager Tom Eck and Misses Oakos, Brown, Lewis, Baldwin, Armaindo and Woods will return to Omaha, where the girls will ride a relay race against horses next week.

## The Punster and the Fakir.

An old gentleman whose make-up was angges ive of new mown hay and good crops, stepped ip to a peddler who was hawking ten-cent

"Friend, what's the difference between that shout of your'n and this here celebration:"
"What yer given 'us:" queried the hawker,
looking at the countryman suspiciously.
"There's a difference," said the old man.
"Canvoi eness the

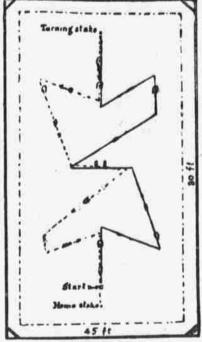
Can you guess it?"
"Naw! Give 'er up," said the peddler.
"One's a centennial and the other sa ten-centell," shouted the old man, as he lost himself in

THE SCIENCE OF CROQUET.

WONDERFUL THINGS IN THE GAME AS PLAYED BY PROFESSIONALS.

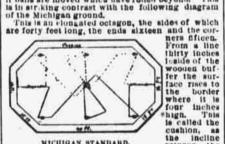
It Used to Be a Pastime for Ludies, but Now It Is an Earnest Study for Serious-Minded Men-What Croquet Congresses Ate Doing-Mysteries of the Jump whot-Geographical Differences in Standards.

The last annual croquet tournament of the Nation al Croquet Association at Norwich, Conn., develope many interesting facts in regard to this scientific sport not generally known, ... In the first place there is lack of uniformity in the game, as played in different sections of the country. There is as much difference between the game played by the National Association and that of the Ohio and Michigan clubs as if the New York Ba eball club Michigan clubs as if the New York Ha ebail club were to go to Chicago and find the National game played there with aix bases on a To-foot faragon natead of with four bases on a to-foot diamond, or with a T-ounce ball instead of a by-ounce sphere. A slight appreciation of the difference may be gained from the accompanying diagrams. The following represents the regulation ground med by the clubs of the National Association in New York City, Philadelphia, Troy, Gioverswille, New Brinswick, N. J.; Keyport, N. J.; Staten Island, Chicago, Danbury, Conu.; Stainford, Norwick, New London, Rockville, Conn.; Fravioence, R. I.; Northampton, Florence, Townsend Harbor, Hartford, Conn.; Malden, Mass., and Cottage City, Martina's Vineyard.



NATIONAL STANDARD.

This is a perfectly level rectangle of hard-rolled sand, 45 by 80 feet in size, serrounded by a wooden buffer four inches high. About three feet inside of the border a boundary line is scratched and to it balls are moved which have rolled beyond. This is in striking contrast with the following diagram of the Michigan grand.



MICHIGAN STANDARD. The incline rolumn to bell into the ground. While the Eastern ground contains ten wickets, 3½ inches in diameter—except the cage wickets, which are only 35—the Western ground contains twelve wickets, 4 inches wide, except the cage, which is 5½ inches in diameter; the Western of lignum-vitae, 3 inches in diameter; the Western of lignum-vitae, 5 inches in diameter. The Eastern stakes are about two feet high; the Western only 5 inches high. There are also striking variations in the rules of play. For instance, in the East, a player can play upon any or all balls once on each turn, whether he has made a point—i.e., run a wicket or hit a stake—aince he hit them last or not; in the West a player is not alive on a ball which he has hit once until he has made a point. There is no regulation limit to the shape, size or material used in making the mallets; but there is an extraordinary contrast between the typical Eastern and Western maliets, as may be seen below.

The following is an accurate drawing to scale of the mallet used at the Norwich tournament by Mr. Avery, of Adrian, Mica. Its head is 18 inches in diameter, made of Turk-ish boxwood. The handle MICHIGAN STANDARD.

of some strange imple-ment or utensit in an ment of decision and archeological collection than a croquet mallet. For compart on, here is a TVPICAL MICHIGAN MAL-drawing to the same LET. scale of an Easiern mailet. The head is SN inchesions 20 th Manual Control of the same of the



of 45 degrees from the line passing through their cen-tres, the resultant of the active and reactive forces will be to send the two balls in different direc-tious at an angle of 160 de-grees from each other. The split shot is played at various angles, according to the exhemeles of the

TYPICAL EASTERN MAL- to the extreneles of the of it is the thin sice shot. In this the player's ball is sent to its destination, this the object ball is very slightly displaced

while the object ball is v
This shot is frequently employed in a very
shrewd manœuvre called
'wiring' or 'tying
np "a ball. The player,
ty a clever stroke, rolls the ball up against a wire so that its next move is The professional player

The professional player does not always face the way in which he is playing. During a tournament last season the Rev. Philip Germond, of Chicago, who on Sundays preaches shout loving your enemies, but on week days at croquet has a curious way of practising his doctrines, executed a remarkable input. shot. He was wired to hit.





which is imperatively necessary in the scientific manipulation of the shorthandled mallet. Croquet is a system of calisthenics in itself. The various postures assumed bring into action nearly every muscle of the arms, back, ioins and legs. So lithe are the looles and limes of some of the professional players that they suggest the 'rubber men' of the circus.

One of the most willowy men in the National Association is Mr. Maurer, of Keyport. He graspins sliver-tipped mailet-bandle close to the head, and consequently must almost touch the ground when he strikes the bail. When he is playing down fine he squats so that he almost site on the sand. He is very elastic in his movements, rapid in his execution, and sccurate in his shots. Mr. in his execution, and securate in his shots. Mr. Bryant, of Florence, Mass., is another such

player.

A shot at long range is frequently performed in this somewhat clongsted attitude. It admits of a long sweep of the eye and very nice calculation in aim. It is this constant riving, slitting, heading, throwing the weight up one lee, then on the other, using the right hand here and the left hand there using the right hand here and the that cais. If the moveles into play, makes supple frints and g weath power healthful exercise and a ministrical development. At ordical junctures it is not uncommon to see a fine player get down on all forms in the said.

is not uncommon to see a fine player get down on all fours in the sand.

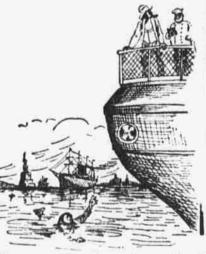
This man is not about to turn a somersault, although he looks so. It simply depicts the somewhat extraordinary posture assumed by a player was in about to make one of the most difficult shot; if not the most difficult shot in the game, through the two wickets of the cage. Dr. Read, of New York, occasionally strikes this picture-que attitude

York, occasionally strikes
this picture-que attitude
hefore striking his ball.
The cage is the most exasperation point in the
tour of the wickets, and
it requires all the manual
skill and religious forbearance that a man can
command to run them. As the wickets are only
35 inches wide and the balls 35 inches, the minutest deflection from altrue course is fatal; and it
is not unusual to see a man get down on his marrow-bones, not to bray for success, but to take a
scientific squint along the ground. cienting squint along the ground.

It is needless to remark that most of these pos-

tures are within the possibilities only of wearers of the bifurcated garment, but ladies love to watch the game and enjoy it with intelligent enthusiasm. Unsenmanlike.





Passenger on Cunarder-Got a pencil and paper, Captain?

Captain—Certainly: here you are.

Passenger—Thanks. There's a gentleman down there who asked me to drop him a line, and I'd like to oblige him by telling him we're all well.

Cause and Effect.

"What's the matter?" the schoolmistress asked.
\*\* Back's sore, ma'am."

"What made it sore ?"
"Pop pounded his thumb with a hatchet this nornin' and I laughed."

on took up the profession of authorship. Scribbler-Yes; about three hundred re

Luid By for a Cold Day.

(Prom the Burlington Free Press.)
Quillpen—Have you laid by anything since

Too Much Champagne. Mrs. Highfeather—I saw Mr. Poseyboy

talking with you in a very animated manner, last evening, Maud. Did he indulge in persiflage? Maud Highfeather—No, mamma, but he

indulged in champagne six times, and I shall never allow him to speak another word to me as long as I live. The Rains of Government. From the Binghamton Republican.]

When the Government Weather Bureau

says fair weather, and the forces that be produce rains, they can bardly be called the rains of Government, can they? He Is to Be Pitied.

First Belle—I hear your father has failed

or at least lost beavily in Wall street,

been in a railway accident?

Second Belle-Yes, poor dear: he can onger light his cigars with crisp five-dollar bills, but has to use one-dollar bills. It is Just Like the Men. Mrs. Holmes-Why, what's the matter, Anceline? Your eye and your nose-have you

Mrs. Laidlow-No, dear; the Woman's Club had a little election last night and I was up for President. That's all,

A Place for Everything Rejected Suitor-Arabelia, I am going to blow

Arabella-Reginald, please blow them out on the stoop; our carpet is brand new.

Rend the Newspapers. Teacher (in history class)-Johnny, what is Plymouth Rock noted for?

| From the Boston Com At the late election on the Prohibitory

Johnny (promptly) - Pants.

amendment a Chelsea man, on going to the polls, was confronted by a lady, who said to Young man, are you married?"

Yes, madam."
'Have you a family?"

"Yes, madan,"
"Then, take this "Yes" ballot and cast
it, and you will find it all the better for your
family and your home."
"Madam," said the young man, " are you married?

married?"

'Yes, sir."

'Have you a family?"

'Yes, sir."

'Then, give those ballots to some man and go home and attend to your family, and it will be all the better for everybody."

# Hood's Sissaparilla 20808 rsslock swo

Do Not Delay taking Hood's Sarsaparilla if you have a feeling of languor or exhaustion, which is often the warning symptems of approaching sickness. This medicine expets all impurities from the blood, creates

NEWEST SUMMER DRINKS.

DEMAND FOR "SOMETHING LINGERING WITH ICE IN IT."

Insterpleces of William - The "Pansy and "Life Prolonger"-Mint Juleps Like a Short Trip to the Country-Grape Julee a Healthful and Popular Drink-Sherry Cobblers Hold Their Own.

With the steady approach of hot weather. the thought of grateful refuge against the outrageous sultriness of the sun's offensive warmth becomes a more frequently recurring one. Even the "blue-ribbon man" must admit that a neat barroom is a soothing thought at such a time. Not a dingy, secondrate, badly odorous gin-shop. Oh, no! But a nice, roomy place, with clean, freshly sprinkled floor, and the breeze coming coolly through doors and windows. The bar is of a hard, highly polished wood,

and not a speck of anything disturbs its imuncutate cleanness. In the rear, against the plate-glass mirrors, are sparkling glasses, and here and there a bunch of fresh mint A dapper young man, with a little mustache and rich red cheeks, stands ornamentally behind the bar. He has been admitted to his

bar when young, and is going to adorn the profession. He will be particularly noted for his rejoinders to the remarks of the gen-With a view to see what the With a view to see what the rejoinders would be this Summer an Evening Would coung man went to several of the more prom-

inent dispensaries and interviewed the white jacketed dandies who "fix up" the medi-Summer drinks! Everybody is moved by Summer drinks: Everybody is moved by the words, from the octogenarian minister to the two-year-old. There is an infinite variety, and it is hard lines if any taste cannot be satisfied. Something cool and pleasant to the taste, that is the easential note of them all. The reverse of the Mikado's idea is the

fundamental notion of any and every Summer drink: "Something lingering with—ice in There is nothing very startling in the line

There is nothing very startling in the line of discovery for beverages suited to the heated term.

"You see," said a young man in a downtown hotel, where the best drinks are served, "most of our patrons have something that they like and cling to. You'll find a lot of people who swear by 'mint juleps.' They like the smell of the fresh mint. It's like a short trip to the country, you know. Then in a mint julep you get just enough stiffness to make it a little bracing. It keys a man up at 3 o'clock in the afternoon when he has been moving about in the sun in the morning.

"Then that old-timer, 'sherry cobbler,' is no slouch of a throat-cooler. It's a soft, light drink, and you take it through a straw. light drink, and you take it through a straw. That always makes a drink seem cooler. Women like a cobbler. It's their favorite drink when they want something a little exhibitanting. It isn't strong enough to go to their heads, but it kind of brightens them up and makes them lively.

"About one-third of the men who have struck the other side of forty-five," continued the philosopher in white linen, "will hit a "gin fizz.' That's a chestnut, of course, but there aren't no flies on it. It has a steady call.

there aren't no flies on it. It has a steady call.

"There are more lemonades go over a har in Summer than you would think. People that get very hot and thirsty and that swill cool things all day long when the thermometer is up in the nineties don't want to load up on hard stuff. So they will get a seltzer lemonade. The seltzer gives a little twang to the thing, sharpens it up a trifle.

"Sherry flip' is a honey-cooler of a drink. It has egg in it, and some folks like that because it's nourishing. It's more of an evening drink.

cause it's nourishing. It's more of an evening drink.

Of course, some of our customers are always on the lookout for a new drink. Some combination with a novel flavor to it roes very well for a time. We are always inventing new-fangled drinks. combinations of different liqueurs and syrups."

The reporter wandered into a chemiat's store, where there was a list of Summer drinks as long as a tailors' bill. Light wines made into punch, such as Catawba, claret and the like. Grape juice the reporter found to be a dehcious liquid. It tasted like that drop of juice one gets in eating agrape. It is a of juice one gets in eating a grape. It is a pure, unfermented juice. Milk punch is in-nocent, sustaining and easy to take; likewise harmless if you don't take too much nutmeg

one drink that is in constant readiness in most of the chemists shops is ammonia and vichy. It is a strictly morning drink, and is intended to alleviate a "swelled head." This sort of head is a result of "going to the trough" too often the night before. It is considered very "blooded" to take ammonia

and vichy. The dozens of mineral waters also figure as a cooling process during the heated term. Apollinaris, when it is fresh and sparkling, is a delicious table water. Poland water is nothing but absolutely pure water. It is a nothing but absolutely pure water. It is a standing argument against the use of water for anything but bathing purposes. It is so different from the ordinary drinking water that it shows how impure this water must be. "William," the great promoter of new drinks in this town has gone to Europe, but he invented a little batch of beverages for the season of 1889 before he took to the briny blue. "William" has a family name, but nobody ever uses it and it is regarded as a perfectly useless appendage. It is so seldom used that he sometimes forgets it himself. Every drinker who does business south of Grand street knows "William."

He used to give his whole mind to the production of fascinating drinks. He had a vein of poetry in him which used to express itself

of poetry in him which used to express itself through these beguiling draughts which he

He always christened the new drink. One of his fatest brews he called the "Bon Boire."
It had ten different liquors in it and brandy.
William declared that this should be the
"positively last." It came in after other
things and pricked the jaded palate to a new quivering delight. It was a defiance to the most blase throat.

most blase throat.

Another one of William's inventions was the 'Pansy Biossom." Think of drinking a "Pansy Blossom!" It has the white of two eggs in it and is as cold as death. An indescribable daintiness of bouquet lingers in this liquid blossom, and a man feels as if he would like a whole bunch of them to wear in his stomach.

his stomach.

One of William's brand-new liquid diversions he labelled "A Life Prolonger" and declared to be good for dyspepsia. Ladies cry for it. This is the way he used to build up this extender of existence:

He took a clean goblet and daintily broke a fresh egg into it. Then he heaped a tenspoon full of powdered sugar and beat the two into a bubbling golden mass. He added a dissh of *creme de vanille*. Then he poured in two thirds of a glass of sherry. One-third of a glass of port followed this. They were all mixed by his dexterous hand, and two ponies

of the richest cream, to make a generous, simple body to the drink, were poured to the last drop into the goblet.

It was all commingled by a rapid movement with a long-handled spoon, and then the object of William's benevolence had two or three delightful moments to spend in stow-ing away the cool, velvety rich compound. As a rule they like it, and remember the name

As a rule they like it, and remember the name for next time.

Although William's European trip takes from New York one of her most valuable citizens, there are still enough of the white-coated fraternity left to purvey to the needs of thirsty males during the heated term. They will have enough to do, there is no doubt of that.

The Spring Poet. [From Pime.]

Spring Poet (handing a roll of paper to the editor)-There, sir, I think there's some stuff oing at it)-There is, indeed

KAFFIR MEDICINE MEN.

[South Africa Letter to Omaka Bee.]

Next to the chief in Kaffir tribes the Muti

An Exciting Episode in South Africa Worthy of Rider Haggard's Pen.

medicine man) has perhaps the most influence. He is looked on as possessing supernatural powers, and is supposed to stand high in favor with Incosi Pesulu (the Great Spirit), but to judge by his appearance one would conclude that he was a minion of his satanic majesty rather than an angel of the gods. He paints his face and body in a mos demonineal fashion, bedecks his neck and arms with snakes and other loathsome reptiles, garlands his head with crows' feathers, and practises all kinds of fraud on the people, exacting large gifts for nimself, and oxen as sacrifices to the Great Spirit. Sometimes even human victims are dernanded. In the latter case the victim is generally one who has incurred the displeasure of the Muti. I had a narrow escape from ending my days as a propitiation of that kind. Peing amongst the Sitantas, and the country being badly in need of rain, the Muti having tried all other means without producing the desired results, declared that a human sacrifice was desired to appease the displeasure of the Great Spirit, and accordingly the necessary preparations were entered upon. A great feast was prepared. The people gathered, forming a circle, in the centre of which was the Muti. Fires were kindled, and ten oxen were, one by one, slaughtered, the beasts being led by a number of young men to the Muti, who, all the time repeating some unintelligable jargon, stabbed them with a long knife, catching the blood in vessels, wallowing in it and scattering it around and high in the air amidst the shoutings and wild dancing of the chosen assistants, the poor brutes while yet alive being demoniacal fashion, bedecks his neck and around and high in the air amidst the shout-ings and wild dancing of the chosen assist-ants, the poor brutes while yet alive being ripped open, the entrails torn out and flung hot and smoking on the fire. The flesh was then rossted and eaten by the people, the Muti all the time brandishing his bloody knife and chanting a wild, demoniacal song. Then came the awful moment when he would out that the support the human victure des-Then came the awful moment when he would point out from among the human victum destined to be offered as a sacrifice. As he passed along the lines from one to another many trembled with fear, whilst abject terror was painted on many faces. He came at length to the spot where I with two friends were located, hesitated for a moment, passed on, but returned again, and drawing his bloody knife across my shoulder, yelled out, "Bassella! Bassella!" ("The victim! The victim!") at the same time commanding four young men who had held the oxen for the knife to approach and seize the sacrifice that the great spirit might have human blood to

knife to approach and seize the sacrifice that the great spirit might have human blood to druk and breathe the fragrance of the ascending smoke of his reasted heart.

Being somewhat apprehensive of the turn affairs might take, I and my two friends had taken the precaution of carrying our arms, and not seeing the matter in the same light as the Muti, we prepared to defend ourselves. In the present state of excitement it was useless to attempt a parley. So, as the Serviton

In the present state of excitement it was use-less to attempt a parley. So, as the Servitors approached, without a moment's hesitation we fired on them.

Two fell dead, and taking aim at the vil-lainous priest, I sent a bullet through his head, which sent him to his last account, and before the people could recover from their astonishment we took to our heels and, gain-ing a rock, placed our backs against it, de-termined to sell our lives as dearly as possi-ble, if any further attempt was made on us. The Muti being dead, consultation was held amongst the chief and his advisers, who evi-dently decided not to carry on the game any lently decided not to carry on the game any

dently decided not to carry on the game any further.

In a parley which followed we explained to the chief very plainly what the consequences would be to him and his tribe if we were harmed when the news reached our friends on the coast. We were not subjected to further outrage, the only stroulation being that we leave their country at once, a condition we were not loathe to comply with.

# THE WHITE HOUSE GARDENS.

ident's Conservatories. [Philadelphia Times, Washington Letter.] The opportunity-a rare one-has been afforded me of visiting the conservatories attached to the White House. These nothouses are never thrown open to the public, for the obvious reason that crowds passing through them would do untold damage to the countless plants. Never before have I been more for cibly struck with the fact that floriculture 18 an intricate science. No wonder we amateurs have but a scant success with our plants when a world of knowledge, aided by peculiarly favoring conditions, is required in order to make the best of these lovely things. The White House conservatories are some half dozen in number, all of varying temperature, as suited to their fair inhabitants. The ature, as suited to their fair inhabitants. The house of the camellia japonicas, for instance, is somewhat cool; the ferns live in the dampest dingles. The paims and cacti want a lot of heat; they live by the sweat of other people's brows. The man who made two blades of grass grow where one grew before is outdone by the present-day flower-growers. To make boughs grow wherever they would make boughs grow wherever they would add to the symmetry of the bush, our modern add to the symmetry of the bush, our modern flower-growers force nature to do the work by tying tiny flower-pots full of rich soil just on the very spot where they desire to have the bough. Very odd is the sight of a bush apparently bearing thumb flower-pots as fruit.

After this I concealed my surprise at seeing the state of the surprise at seeing the state of the surprise at seeing the

After this I concealed my surprise at seeing some lovely little flowers apparently bearing potatoes. The White House gardener, however, was kind enough to explain. Cut a potato in half and lay it on these plants, and when you pick up the the potato early in the morning you find it perfectly loaded down with plant lice. This relieves the flowers, but the war for their preservation must be kent up constantly.

kept up constantly.
The little red ants that infest the White The little red ants that infest the White House simply swarm in one of the conservatories where a certain orchid is frequent. This orchid is shaped like a pocket, and at the bottom there is a lot of honey. The gardener took up one of the orchids, and, turning its contents into his hand, had his hand full to overflowing of red ants. But when the red ants get in that orchid their doom is really the contents in the contents of the contents of the contents.

the red ants get in that orchid their doom is sealed. The erchid is an insect-enter, and proceeds to digest them forthwith.

We saw one of the strange "plants that eat animals," described by Miss Treat in tarper's Magazine. This has a double leaf, with hair-like filaments along each edge. The edges stand open like a split peaped, until their prey is secured; then the filaments close together, as you may inclose the fingers of your two hands, and that is the end of the fly "who went into their parlor." The theory that this plant will eat small morsels of raw beef is disputed by high authorities, although I believe Miss Treat stated it to be a fact.

The Japanese orange—the fruit about as

stated it to be a fact.

The Japanese orange—the fruit about as big as a cherry—is said to be good eating. A flourishing bush is in the White House conservatory. A superb lemon tree adorns one house. It bears its pale gold fruit in all stages of ripeness, and the luscious-smelling bloom as well. This beautiful tree was presented to Mrs. Cleveland during one of her visits to Florida. We forgot to inquire if the "baby alligator" brought back thence a few weeks ago by Mrs. McKee was still existing: but in one of the houses we saw a large tank full of beautiful goldfish.

A Mortuary House Suggested. To the Editor of the Evening World: In these days, when the medical profession

consesses such a thirst after knowledge that they dissect a body a few hours after death, which might really be only a state of coma, or trance, might really be only a state of coma, or trance, and when the horrible idea is unfortunately so often verified by actual occurrences of persons being buried alive, and particularly when eminent medical authorities agree that with certainty they can never actually state whether a person is dead or not, would it not be a good idea to build a mortuary, or dead-house, and place therein the bodies of all scemingly dead persons and keep them there until decomposition sets in, thereby doing away with the horrible idea of persons being buried alive?

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HARRISON'S SCRAP-BOOKS.

The President's Exchange Reader and the

Work That Keeps Him Busy. [Philadelphia Jelegraph's Washington Letter.] The President keeps a scrap-book. That is, he keeps one just as he signs land patents and does a good many other things. He has a man to keep it for him. This man is Mr. B. F. Montgomery, who occupies a little office room in the northeast corner of the White House. His task is not an easy one, for the mail brings to the White House over 300 newspapers every day. Of course it is quite impossible for the President to read with any thoroughness even a score of the most important of these. Mr. Montgomery reads the papers for the President and prepares the scrap-books, which enable the President to inform himself at any time as to statements or comments made by the press on any matters concerning his Administration. Three times a day a messenger brings to Mr. Montgomery's office a big bundle of newspapers. When he arrives in the morning Mr. Montgomery inds the first batch opened and spread out on his table, and he at once attacks the pile. As rapidly as possible he glances down column after column, and when his trained eye detects anything that should go into the scrap-book he marks the paragraph with a blue pencil and later on clips it out with his shears. for the mail brings to the White House over ome of the Interesting Plants in the Pres-

clips it out with his shears. The word scrap-book in this case is a col-lective noun. The Presidential scrap-book consists of half a dozen volumes, each desubjects. One is devoted to comments on the civil-service policy of the Administration and whatever may be said, critical or laudathe civil-service policy of the Administration and whatever may be said, critical or laudatory, of appointments or dismissals, Another volume is given to the Southern question. What is said and written about the foreign policy of the Government has its place in another volume, and still another is given up to scraps relating to Territorial matters, land grants and affairs which fall under the Interior Department. The most interesting volume is that which is made up of direct references to the President, social and personal. Some of these from sources unfriendly to the President politically are exceedingly personal, but the official clipper makes no distinction between friend and foo. The great majority of the paragraphs are, however, smooth and musical inform and pleasant in substance. Of miscellaneous matter, which cannot be easily classified, there is a great abundance, and the volume set apart to receive it is filled up sooner than any of the others. Everything is carefully selected. With indiscriminate, indiscreet clipping, a man would probably fill one of the volumes in a few hours but the regision creet clipping, a man would probably fill one of the volumes in a few hours, but the revision and sifting of the matter is such that it is rarely that a book is filled from cover to

cover in less than a week. Winked at Him. [From the Chicago Herald,1

Outside the drug store. "You know that soda-water man, I see, Ufred." \*No, my dear, I never saw him before, "Well, you were very familiar for

"Well, you were very familiar for a stranger, it seems to me; I saw you wink at How It Happened.

Very Tall to Very Bow-Legged Man-Great Scott! Did you learn to walk too young, of



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